SALUTING ROYALTY.

THE BUMPTIOUSNESS OF BOY KINGS.

THE FOOLISH KHEDIVE—KING ALFONSO'S APPEALING WAYS—MOBBING THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more calculated to bring royalty into contempt, and to give force to the arguments of those who favor the abolition of monarchy, than the absurd vagaries of the boy kings of the Old World. His seventeen-year-old Majesty of Servia, who emancipated himself from the control of the Regents just a year ago, mainly because they persisted in supervising his menus and interfering with his commands on the weighty subject of puddings, has now, by his conceit, his inexperience and his susceptibility to flattery, brought his kingdom to the verge of civil war and national bankruptcy. Nor is the eighteen-year-old Khedive, or King, of Egypt much better. Not content with denouncing as "disgraceful" the highly trained troops who alone preserve the southern frontier of his dominions from invasion by the Soudanese dervishes—troops which but two weeks before had excited the most enthusiastic praise of so competent a critic as that fine old Turkish Field Marshal, Mutkar Pacha—he has still further distinguished himself by causing perfectly inoffensive foreign tourists to be "run in" by the police at Cairo on the sole ground that they had not been sufficiently quick and deferential in their obeisances when meeting him in the streets of the Egyptian capital. Were it not for the authority given in "The London Times" for this astounding instance of the young Khedive's bumptiousness, it would be absolutely incredible. As it is, it has served to strengthen the rumors current for some time past to the effect that the young potentate is not altogether right in his head, and that we may be called upon before long to witness his deposition on the same ground that led to the removal from the Turkish throne of the demented Sultan Murad, who, ever since his brother's accession, has been kept closely confined in one of the gloomiest palaces that line the shores of the Bosphorus.

Cairo has become so much of a winter residence for members of the great world of Paris, London, Vienna and Berlin that it is far more of a European than an Oriental city. And yet there is no Asiatic ruler that would venture nowadays upon such a piece of despotism as that of which the young Khedive has been guilty, in causing foreigners to be arrested because they did not take off their hats low enough to him. It is all the more unpardonable when one remembers that young Abbas received his education in Europe and that, at any rate up to the time of his accession to his father's throne, most of his life had been spent in Austria and in Switzerland. Certainly in none of the countries that he visited did he ever find the sovereigns or royal personages calling upon the police to assist them in extorting unwilling greetings from people whom they passed in the streets, no matter whether they were subjects or foreigners. On the contrary, one of the peculiar feature of modern royalty in Europe is that obeisances of this kind are either accepted as a boon, with demonstrations of gratitude by the great personages to whom they are addressed, or else are shrunk from and avoided by the latter as if from excessive modesty. Thus, the late Duke of Clarence, his mother, the Princess of Wales; King Oscar of Sweden, King Leopold of Belgium as well as every member of his family, and King Christian of Denmark and his sons, are never so happy as when they are able to move about unobserved, treated absolutely as ordinary citizens by those whom they pass in the streets, and only saluted by those who enjoy the honor of their personal acquaintance.

In some other countries the sovereign appears to invite in a deprecatory, nay, I might even add undignified, manner the salutations of his subjects. I often recall the impression created upon me the first time that I witnessed the usual Saturday state procession of the late King Alfonso of Spain, from the Church of the Atoccha back to his palace at Madrid. He was seated in an open carriage, and although the weather was bitterly cold and the wind piercing, he remained bareheaded during the whole time that the cortege passed along the Puerta del Sol, which was crowded with people, not one of whom appeared to take the slightest notice of His Majesty's salutations. He was bowing from side to side with what seemed to me at the time a species of appealing expression on his features, as if entreating some response; but not one head was bared among all that immense crowd, save my own, that is to say, that of a foreigner, as yet new to Madriellene ways. It was very painful, and appeared on reflection extremely illogical. For what is the use of setting a man up as King and taxing one's resources to maintain him in luxury if one declines to accord to him the most ordinary token of public courtesy and recognition? Much the same spectacle may be witnessed at Rome, nearly every time that King Humbert drives his mail-phaeton up to the Pincio. He is so accustomed to have the members of the old Roman aristocracy (which constitutes the majority of the afternoon promenaders there) avert their faces when he drives by, on the pretext that their ancestry is infinitely more ancient and more illustrious than that of the house of Savoy, that he always seems quite grateful to anybody who doffs his hat; and if one is at all slow in doing so, he appears to look at you inquiringly, not knowing whether he is going to expose himself to the, I am sorry to say, pretty frequent indignity of the cut direct. King Christian of Denmark may be seen nearly any morning when he happens to be in town, strolling about the streets of Copenhagen with his two great dogs, generally arrayed in a soft felt hat and an old gray jacket, and relatively unnoticed by his subjects—indeed, the only people who salute him are the military, the police, and those with whom he is personally acquainted. The same may be said of King Leopold of Belgium, who makes a point of walking every day when at Brussels, and of fat King Carlos at Lisbon, who endeavors in vain to reduce his girth by morning constitutionals on foot, arrayed in the rather inelegant costume of a frock coat and a derby hat. Even the Czar may sometimes be seen walking about the streets of St. Petersburg unattended save by his dogs or by his son, the Czarewitch, and nobody, save official and court people, dreams of saluting him.

Strangely enough, the Prince of Wales is an infinitely less familiar figure as a pedestrian in the streets of London than the Czar in those of St. Petersburg. True, he will occasionally venture across Pall Mall in front of Marlborough House, on foot, to one of the houses or clubs on the other side of the street, or may be seen hurrying along that comparatively deserted stretch of park known as Birdcage Walk, which separates his London residence from Buckingham Palace. But he has never within the memory of the present generation been seen walking in the Park, in Piccadilly, or even in St. James's-st. It is not that the Prince is afraid of personal injury, but he does apprehend being overwhelmed by the salutations and manifestations of enthusiastic loyalty on the part of the subjects of his mother. In short, he is afraid of being mobbed; and occasional experiment has furnished both the Princess and himself with abundant evidence that from the very moment they were caught sight of on the street they would be followed and surrounded by a large and ever growing, vulgar, gaping and staring crowd, intent not only on seeing, but, above everything else, on being seen and noticed by royalty. In Vienna Emperor Francis Joseph is subjected to much the same annoyance. So obtrusive and aggressive are the salutations and demonstrations of loyalty on the part of the people that he cannot venture to move outside his palace on foot anywhere; while the Empress's detestation of the city on the Danube is due to the perfectly disgraceful manner in which she is stared at, run after and generally mobbed by the population whenever she appears in public.

During my first stay in Japan people were ordered off the streets and into their houses when the Mikado passed by. No one was allowed to open any of the upper-story windows, lest they should be able to look down upon His Majesty; while those who had not time to get under cover were forced to prostrate themselves with their faces lowered to the ground. When I next visited Japan, several years afterward, matters had undergone so great a change that the police authorities at Tokio were forced to issue regulations ordering people to get out of the way and to doff their hats to the Emperor when he drove through the streets. Familiarity with his sacred person had had the effect of engendering something much akin to contempt, and it required the intervention of the police to secure ordinary courtesy for him.

So anxious are the royal personages of Europe to manifest their appreciation of salutations on the part of the people when they appear in public that their carriages are fitted with a species of mechanical contrivance, affixed to the back seat of the carriage, which enables the occupant to bow continuously without much exertion or fatigue while the carriage is in motion.

I may add that this question of bowing in response to the salutations of the public constitutes a perpetual source of difference and even dispute among the members of royal and imperial families, and has created no end of bad blood among them. According to the rules of etiquette, it is only the man or woman of highest rank in the carriage or party who is permitted to respond to the salutations by bowing; and when, for instance, the Queen of the Belgians and her sister-in-law, the Countess of Flanders, appear together anywhere in public, the Countess is precluded from acknowledging any salute, even on the part of her personal friends, a circumstance which has naturally led the Countess to avoid, as much as possible, accompanying the Queen in public.

A crowned head who often fails to acknowledge popular greetings and obeisances, while at other times he responds to them most graciously, is Emperor William of Germany. I have known him to ride through the streets of Berlin at the head of one of the Guard regiments, entirely insensible, apparently, to the demonstrations of loyalty with which he was greeted on every side. He looked neither to the left nor to the right, but straight ahead, with a face as set and as impassible as that of any Oriental potentate; and I remember specially on one occasion when one of the mounted officers of his suite was thrown from his horse, his head striking the curbstone, and to all appearance breaking his neck or fracturing his skull, the Emperor, who could not help having seen the fall, rode straight on, his face unmoved, and without even a passing glace at the prostrate man.

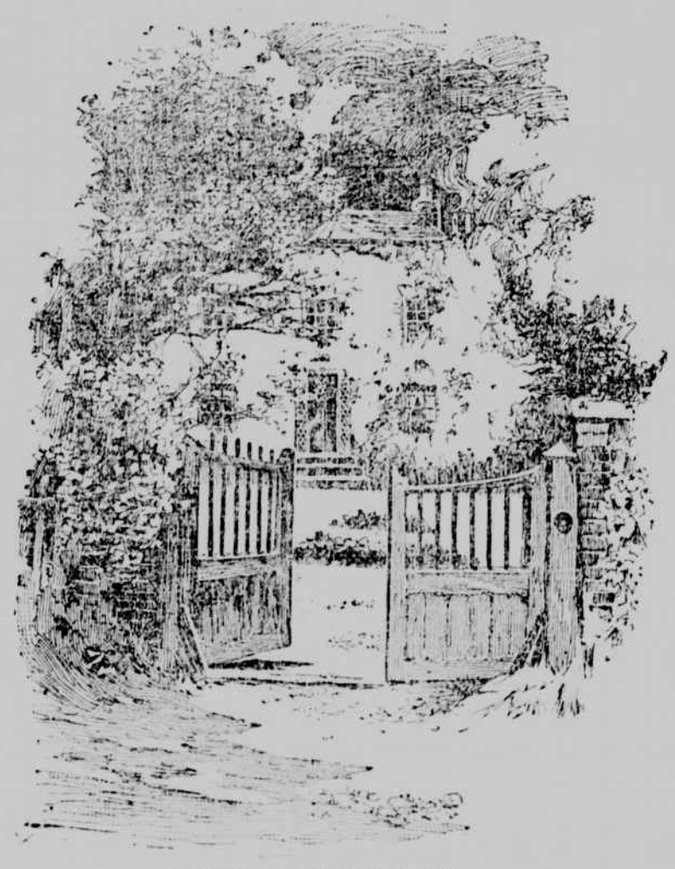
One crowned head who is keen to notice whether people doff their hats to him or not is the little boy-King of Spain, of whom it is told that he lost his temper the other day when driving in the Prado, because an old blind man failed to bow to him. He is still at the age when children are amusing and entertaining, and has not yet reached the stage of conceit, priggishness, and, to use a typical American expression, "general cussedness," which characterizes those very offensive young potentates, the Kings of Servia and Egypt. Still, it cannot be claimed that the little King Alfonso in any way adds to the impressiveness and majesty of royalty; and it is to be feared that, with the atrocious and demoralizing atmosphere of flattery and subservience which necessarily surrounds every youthful monarch, he will, notwithstanding all the efforts of his excellent and sagacious mother, develop into just as objectionable a boy-King as Sacha of Servia and Abbas of Egypt.

EX-ATTACHE.

ENGLISH AUTHORS' HOMES.

TOWN AND COUNTRY HOUSES—SOME OF THEM LIVE IN THEIR MASTERS' BOOKS.

The English are a home-building and a home-loving people, and in nearly all of the English writers of the present day these national characteristics are strongly developed. Especially is this true of John Ruskin, since the death of Tennyson, master of the guild. A good while ago Ruskin lived at Denmark Hill, near London, but his love of nature finally drew him to the Lake Country, as it did Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey and Harriet Martineau before him. He rented Brantwood, a plain but roomy and comfortable house, by the side of Coniston Lake, once occupied by Lyon Linton, the American engraver, where he has since lived, and where his days are now all too soon and too sadly drawing to a close. There are many pleasant walks and



GEORGE MEREDITH'S HOME.

beautiful scenery all about Brantwood, and Ruskin was a familiar and always welcome figure to the villagers as he took his morning and evening walks, which he did until sickness and increasing weakness made it no longer possible for him to do so. He has ever been the unfailing friend of the poor about him, and there is hardly a cottage in Coniston in which one will not find evidence of his thoughtfulness and generosity. Half a mile from Brantwood, and commanding a splendid view of lake and mountains, is Tent Lodge, the pretty home to which Tennyson long ago brought his bride to spend their honeymoon. Visitors still have pointed out to them the seat the poet had built in a little clearing on the hillside, and on which many of his gladdest and sweetest songs were written.

WHERE GEORGE MEREDITH WRITES.

An admirer of George Meredith searching for the novelist will find him, a sturdy, broad-shouldered, vigorous man, at Box Hill, one of the dullest and quietest of the many dull and quiet towns lying just outside the noise and smoke of London. His home in the outskirts of Box Hill is a plain and unpretentious one, a small house of half a dozen rooms. The furnishings are modest, almost to the point of bareness, but the contentment

BRANTWOOD.

and breezy spirits of the owner, and the sweet presence of its mistress, the novelist's daughter, make it a home in the truest sense of the word. A low hedge surrounds the cottage, from the front windows of which one can look for miles across sloping meadows, and a few hundred yards back of it commences a small wood, in the edge of which the novelist has built a tiny, one-story study and sleeping-room, where he does all his writing, and where only the most valued of his visitors ever gain admittance.

Mr. Meredith's protégé and disciple, Robert Louis Stevenson, has for several years past been wandering about the islands of the South Seas, but when in England he lives at Bournemouth, a southeastern Hampshire resort for invalids that overlooks the English Channel. Stevenson's house, Skerryoone, stands within a stone's throw of the River Bourne, which cuts in two the red cliffs upon which the town of Bournemouth is built. It is a two-story house of yellow brick, almost overgrown with ivy. The walls of the little room where Mr. Stevenson works, and where Alan Breck and a score of other heroes were born, are lined with well-filled bookshelves, and the room itself is provided with the orderly disorder characteristic of the snuggery of the famous man of letters. The room in which Mr. Stevenson receives his guests is adorned with a few choice etchings and engravings, prominent among them being reproductions of Turner's "Bell Rock Lighthouse." This lighthouse was built by Mr. Stevenson's grandfather, who was in his time as skilled and capable an artist as his descendant is an artist. Portraits of Meredith and Henry James testify to their friendship for the author of "Treasure Island," and beneath a Venetian mirror, a gift from Mr. James, is grouped a goodly array of weapons of the style in vogue two centuries ago, and which the gentleman who gave them to Mr. Stevenson would have us believe once belonged to Long John Silver. Perhaps they did.

A HOME OF ART AND SOCIALISM.

William Morris has changed greatly since he wrote "The Earthly Paradise," and "The dreamer born out of time, the idle singer of an empty day," as he then styled himself, has now become one of the most strenuous socialistic advocates in England, the fierce champion of the masses' rights. But he still retains his old love for literature and the beautiful, and the latter is shadowed forth in all the surroundings of the home he has made for himself at Hammersmith, in the West End of London. Morris's home, Kelmscott House, is a roomy, rambling old stone mansion, built a century or more ago. The large yard in front, filled with flowers and shrubbery, faces the Thames, beyond which, in summer, is a charming prospect of flowers, fields and trees. At the rear of the house is another smooth, well-kept lawn dotted with trees, shrubbery and flowers. The house itself is furnished in full keeping with the refined and perfect taste which have brought its owner fame and fortune. Morris's home is, indeed, a fitting dwelling-place for the poet who has become the prophet of a new dispensation.

William Black, the novelist, is a man of many homes. He has a residence in London, another at Brighton, and a country house at Oban, Scotland, where he goes every summer to hunt and fish. It is at his Brighton home that Mr. Black spends the greater part of his time and does all of his literary work. Paston House is a delightful place. Outside it has a cheerful and substantial air, and inside it is crowded with rare

RIDER HAGGARD'S HOME, DITCHINGHAM MANOR.

and beautiful things. The walls of the wide hall and staircase which lead up to a luxuriously furnished drawing-room are covered with pictures by some of England's best artists, prominent among them being a reproduction of the storm scene in "Macleod of Dare," painted by Aitken. In the drawing-room there is a wealth of articles of curious historic interest. Two things that are pretty certain to be shown the visitor are the tray on which the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, was served, when, aided by beautiful Flora McDonald, he found safe shelter from the McDonalds of Kingsbury; and more racy of the land of the thistle than the foregoing, a brace of whiskey jars once owned by the family of Rob Roy. Mr. Black is a loyal Scot, and delights to gather about him reminders of the land of his birth. His study is on the top floor of Paston House, with no outlook to distract his attention, and well removed from the noise and confusion of the little domestic world below stairs. Though an old newspaper worker, he must of necessity have absolute quiet and privacy while at work.

RIDER HAGGARD'S MANY HOMES.

Rider Haggard, like William Black, is also a man of many homes. The youngest son of a country squire, he married a country heiress in Norfolk, and lives during a part of the year in her ancestral home, Ditchingham Manor, built three centuries ago, and lying in the valley of the Waveney, almost in the shadow of the Bath hills. The house is filled with interesting reminders of the novelist's journeys in many lands and of the incidents and places celebrated in his books. In a niche in the billiard-room is a most interesting relic of another Englishman of letters. It is a desk which belonged to Charles Dickens, and was bought by Mr. Haggard at the Gad's Hill sale. Mr. Haggard's study is a cosey corner room on the second floor, the walls of which are lined with well-filled bookcases and the original illustrations of his novels, framed in black and gold. Here he does the bulk of his writing, dropping his work now and then for a day's sport with rod and gun. Some months of the year Mr. Haggard spends in London, living in a charming house set in a great garden in Redcliffe Square.

DICKENS'S DESK.

W. Clark Russell, the novelist of the sea, after having been for many years a bird of passage, has finally found for himself and family a home amid congenial and inspiring surroundings in the Island of Thanet. The house in which Mr. Russell lives is large and inviting, and from the garden which surrounds it one can see before him the waters known to all sailors as the Downs; to the right the jutting foreland overlooking Deal, a picturesque old town, redolent of the memory of Van Tromp and Nelson and other naval heroes, while to the left pitches and tosses the turbulent North Sea. On a clear summer day half a hundred craft of all sizes and descriptions are always in sight. "A beautiful view," Mr. Russell calls it, and such in truth it is, a constant and moving inspiration to work that will endure.

Thomas Hardy used to live in London, but he now spends most of his time at Max Gate, near Dorchester, where he lived when a child, and where he has built a house after his own planning on a hill from whose brow can be seen many of the places and landscape features described in his stories. Walter Besant's home is a pleasant brick villa at Hampstead Heath, while James Payn lives in a pretty gray house in Maida Vale, but does his literary and newspaper work in apartments overlooking Waterloo Place. Richard D. Blackmore lives not far from London in the valley of the Thames, in an ancient house set in a great walled garden, where he devotes his days to market gardening, with an occasional outing on the Thames, and his evenings to novel writing. Those who know him say that it is in his garden rather than in his study that he finds the greatest pleasure.

MR. SALA LIKES HARMONIOUS SURROUNDINGS.

George Augustus Sala, journalist, novelist, traveller and many-sided man of the world, lives in a beautiful home in London, to the furnishings of which he has devoted the larger part of his princely income for many years. The rooms in which he receives his visitors are filled with books in fine and costly bindings; rare and beautiful bits of art in bronze, marble and oil; valuable mementos of the many famous men whose friendship Mr. Sala had enjoyed, and out-of-the-way curios reminiscent of the journeys which have taken him to all parts of the world. Mr. Sala's home has long been his favorite hobby, and he has gratified his hobby to the full. Edmund Yates, Mr. Sala's close rival in versatility, lives at Brighton, where he is a neighbor of William Black. "The London World" has proved a great financial success, and his home is one of the finest in Brighton.

Miss Braddon, whose works have brought her the best monetary returns of any English woman who writes, lives at Lichfield House, on Richmond Hill, London, a home bought twenty years and more ago with the proceeds of "Lady Audley's Secret." Lichfield House, a roomy brick structure, built in the early part of the present century, commands one of the loveliest of the London suburbs, and on the whole is as inviting and delightful a dwelling place as one could wish for. Miss Braddon also has a country villa in the New Forest, a sylvan retreat whose charms were known and written about as long ago as Shakespeare's time. Jean Ingelow's home is in Kensington, an old stone house overgrown with ivy and half hidden among trees. In summer the spacious garden which surrounds it is always radiant with flowers. Besides her English home Jean Ingelow has a cottage in the South of France, within sight of the Mediterranean, where she spends her winters.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward's London house is in Russell Square, a locality of abiding historic interest. A couple of years ago they bought a cottage in Surrey, within easy distance of Tennyson's Haslemere, where they now pass the summer months. The home of Rhoda Broughton, strange to say, is in Oxford, she having moved from North Wales to the dull and sleepy university town some years ago. Miss Broughton's house on Holgrade-st. is very old, with gable roofs and windows, and antique architectural conceits defying description. Edna Lyall lives with her sister, the wife of a clergyman, in one of the most attractive houses of pleasant Eastbourne, but she is a great traveller, and spends a part of every year on the Continent.

"THE MOST ECCENTRIC MAN IN PORTUGAL."

HOW THE VICOMTE SOTO MAJOR AND HIS TWO PISTOLS ONCE COMMANDED THE ATTENTION OF THE HOUSE OF DEPUTIES—DEATH OF A FAMOUS DIPLOMAT.

It was in the House of Deputies at Lisbon, many years ago. There had been a debate on the budget, and, in the excitement, many bitter words had been spoken. Among the speakers in opposition to the Ministry was Vicomte Antonio de Soto Major, known at the time as the most eccentric man in Portugal, and one of the cleverest. In the course of his speech he had attacked the Ministry so severely that the President of the House called him to order several times, and at last withdrew from him the privilege of the floor.

The Vicomte left the chamber for a few minutes, and then returned to his seat. Rising to his feet, he drew two pistols from his pocket, placed them on the desk in front of him, and then demanded recognition.

"The first pistol here," he began, "is for you, Mr. President, if you dare to call me to order again. The second is for that colleague who dares to interrupt me."

He was known to be a man of his word, and the astonished House listened to him in silence.

The Vicomte died a few days ago in Stockholm, where he had been Portuguese Minister for many years. He was born in 1822, and was a member of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families in Portugal. He began active life as a cavalry officer, but resigned from the army after marrying a Spanish woman as wealthy as himself. They took up their residence in Paris, but lived in such a manner that their fortunes were soon gone. In the fifties, the Vicomte returned to Lisbon practically penniless, turned to journalism, and became Editor of "The Tribune," soon making the paper a power in the little kingdom. His newspaper connection led him into politics, and he was elected to the House of Deputies. There he became famous for his eloquence, wit and fearlessness.

On one occasion, he publicly called the Minister of Finance a spendthrift. His Excellency replied that such an accusation was hardly in place from a man who had wasted a whole fortune.

"That is not true," quickly replied Soto Major. "I have spent not only one fortune, but three. The great difference between us, however, is that I spent my own money, while Your Excellency wastes the money of others."

Naturally enough, the Government wished to get such an opponent out of the way. To make him as harmless as possible, the authorities offered him the mission to Sweden, which, almost strange to say, he accepted.

He soon became one of the most popular figures in Stockholm. Every child in the city knew the small, white-bearded diplomat whose wit was as much admired as his collection of jewels and cravats. Even in his old age, he was unable to overcome the wasteful habits of his youth. Many are the stories told of him in Stockholm. Once, in one of the best houses of the capital, a young woman happened to drop a small coin, worth not more than five cents. The Vicomte opened his pocketbook, took from it a hundred-crown note, and lighted it to aid the young woman in her search.

The Portuguese Government has decided to abolish the Portuguese Legation at Stockholm for reasons of economy.

WHEN PIANOS GET OUT OF SORTS.

From The Buffalo Express.

"Sometimes a piano gets sick," said an expert tuner yesterday. "This Buffalo weather seems to give them the grip. Pianos, you know, have feelings same as anybody. Didn't you know that? Well, they have. This piano I have just doctored was not so much out of tune as it was sick; run down. It had caught cold from changes of temperature. There has been a sort of epidemic lately and ever so many pianos have had to take treatment. There are two other complaints common with pianos. One is lack of exercise and the other is overwork."

"About how much exercise should a piano get?"

"In most cases from one to two hours a day, to keep it in the best of health. More than two hours a day slowly saps a piano of its vital energy. Another thing about a piano is that it has to breathe. The fashion of smothering a piano in clothes—I mean draperies and such things hanging down their backs—isn't any better for it than to jam it close up against a wall. A piano should stand two or three inches out from a wall, so that it can get plenty of air. How can a piano be expected to be reasonable, I'd like to know, if it isn't treated like one of the family; and if it isn't attended to when it complains?"

"Why isn't piano-tuning just the business for women," this music physician was asked.

"Well," he replied thoughtfully, "so far as the hours and the physical labor are concerned, the business is just the thing for women, but, although they have the ear, somehow they don't catch the science of it or the spirit of it.

"They don't seem to get into sympathy with a piano. I suppose it may be a good deal like the difference in doctors. Some of 'em understand you and you think you are going to get well, and you do get well, while others who have just as good pills can't help you a bit."

ONE WAY OF ENJOYING THE DOG SHOW.

MR. MAN TELLS WHAT A GOOD TIME HE HAD WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL AND A SLEEPING WATER-SPANIEL.

"Speaking of dog shows," said Mr. Man to his friend, as he stroked the head of a big, mild-looking collie at Madison Square Garden—"speaking of dog shows reminds me of the last one I went to. It was in Baltimore; that city is famous for its beautiful women, you know, and I went to the show with a perfectly stunning girl. She was one of those stately, statuesque creatures that Gibson draws, only a good deal more so, and when she smiled a man felt as if there wasn't much more to live for in this world. I wasn't in love with her, you understand; I merely thought her altogether adorable.

"Well, as I was saying, I took her to the Dog Show. She was a good bit of a dog-fancier herself, and gave me any number of points as we strolled around the place. She made friends with almost every animal there, from the large St. Bernards down to the smallest of the small dachshunds. I remember thinking I would give ten years of my life if I could have been the stag-hound whose head she patted and to whose ear she bent down and whispered some little secrets.

"Finally we started to go, but just as we got to the door she caught sight of some spaniels away over to the right, and she pleaded so hard to stay a few minutes longer that I couldn't resist, despite the promises I had made to her mother. She called me 'dear Mr. Man,' you know, and all that; so back we went.

"We were standing near a water-spaniel which seemed fast asleep, and this beautiful creature—the girl I mean—stretched out her hand to feel of its tight little curls. Then, without the slightest warning, the blasted little brute made a sudden spring and grabbed her by the arm. I grabbed her round the waist at the same second and hauled her away. I looked back and saw the dear, curly-haired beast chewing vigorously on coat and dress sleeve. The fashion had saved her, for the dog got his mouth full of puff sleeves before he got to her arm.

"But the girl was all of a tremble, and, of course, I had to do my duty and support her."

"'Of course,' murmured his friend sympathizingly.

"When she had recovered a bit we turned our attention to her arm. The arm was all right, but the sleeve wasn't; it had a huge piece taken right out of it, and the pretty white arm showed through in the most fetching way. Gracious, but she had a pretty arm!

"She blushed very sweetly and asked if I had a pin. I had a little gold dagger in my scarf which I immediately produced, and, together, we pinned up the rent. She was very nice about it and I must say I enjoyed the situation thoroughly. Gracious, but she had a pretty arm!"

"'Mr. Man,' asked his friend, solemnly, 'why don't you confess you had made previous arrangements with that water-spaniel?'"

HONESTY OR KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE?

From The Lewiston Journal.

An old farmer in Waldo County had a choice lot of cows, and a neighbor, seeing the herd in the pasturage, asked for how much he could have his pick of one. "Twenty-five dollars," said the owner. "All right, I'll be around to-morrow and select one." The next day the owner of the cows told his hired man to drive the only poor cow in the lot to the barn, which was done. Soon the buyer put in an appearance to buy a cow. He missed one, however, and was suspicious. "How is this?" You said I could have my pick of the lot. Where is that other cow?" "Oh, that cow you don't want," said the owner. "She is old and no good, so I placed her in the barn. You don't want her." But the buyer insisted on having that cow. He suspected she was the best one of the lot. "All right, then," said the seller. "Drive that cow out, John." The cow was driven out by the hired man, and the buyer would not look at the rest, but purchased her at once and drove her home. A day or two afterward he came back, and accused the seller of cheating him, and wanted him to take the cow back. But the old fellow refused, saying that the buyer had his pick and must abide by it.

I LOVED YOU, ONCE—

By C. P. Lathrop.

And did you think my heart
Could keep its love unchanging,
Fresh as the buds that start
In spring, nor know estranging?
Listen! The buds depart:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

'Tis not the early love;
With day and night it alters,
And onward still must move,
Like earth, that never falters
For storm or star above.
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

With gifts in those glad days,
How eagerly I sought you!
Youth, shining hope, and praise:
These were the gifts I brought you.
In this world little stays;
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

A child with glorious eyes
Here in our arms half sleeping—
So passion wakeful lies;
Then grows to manhood, keeping
Its wistful young surprise:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

When age's pinching air
Strips summer's rich possession,
And leaves the branches bare,
My secret in confession
Still thus with you I'll share:
I loved you once, but now—
I love you more than ever.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

By W. B. Yeats.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sonnets by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS.

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

A QUIET WEEK—JAPANESE WATER COLORS—PICTURES BY MR. JOHNSTON AND MR. TRUESDELL—THE LAFARGE LECTURES—ODDS AND ENDS.

No new and important exhibition of pictures will be brought forward this week. The only auction sale announced is that of a collection of Oriental porcelains belonging to a Mr. Hall, of China, which was yesterday placed on view at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. A few small displays will be found briefly discussed below. The exhibition at the Fine Art Building closes next Tuesday night. It has given a great deal of pleasure. The Dutch painters are technically among the first schools of the world and they have a charm of style and feeling which is their own peculiarly. The Swedes have made New-Yorkers further acquainted with a school in which they could not but take a special interest at Chicago. Zorn and his compatriots are overflowing with energy; they keep close to nature in their work, and as mere brushmen they have extraordinary dash. Zorn himself has painted, in the portrait of Mrs. Potter Palmer, which has figured so prominently in the exhibition, a work of uneven yet genuine merit. It has been deservedly the centre of the Swedish exhibit. The water-color show has a whole week more to run, the galleries remaining open until Saturday night. The last memorandum of sales at the Academy shows a total of $7,496. The following are the principal pictures disposed of since our last record was printed: "After the Frosts," by J. F. Murphy, $175; "Picking Berries," by E. L. Henry, $85; "Wrapped in Twilight the Valley Lay," by Henry Farrer, $500; Santa Maria, Venice," by T. Moran, $125; "On the Lagoon, Venice," by A. F. Bunner, $125; "An English Street," by T. Rowe, $75; "On the Lowlands," by J. F. Murphy, $125.

The water-color show, by the way, contains a rather unique feature in a group of twelve or fifteen paintings contributed by Japanese artists. These were to have arrived in time to have been hung in the regular galleries, but delays intervened, and they have only recently been placed upon two screens in the library. They have a special interest as coming direct from Japan, as examples of the current work that is being done there. They show that the Japanese hand has lost little of its cunning, and that Japanese taste is still decorative to a degree beyond the reach of most other people. You get truth to nature in landscapes like those of Choshin and Amagi, and the latter puts into his scene, also, some extremely animated figures. There is immense vitality in the study of a fowl by Taki. But all of these men are pre-eminently valuable for the decorative cleverness and originality of their designs. When subjects in themselves decorative are approached, as in the morning-glory panel of Tamado, the result is even more successful. It is a misfortune that the pictorial art of Japan is as yet so unfamiliar to Western eyes that the individuality of each painter is not readily apprehended, but if the American Water-Color Society will encourage its far away friends to send more pictures from year to year, the characteristics of the various Japanese celebrities of to-day may in time become as well known as they deserve to be.

In more than one water-color exhibition of the last few years Mr. John Humphreys Johnston has been represented by some little bit of color that has whetted curiosity as to what he could do on a larger scale. Only once in our recollection was this curiosity satisfied, and then by a murky cathedral interior, which was not, on the whole, what was expected. Now Mr. Johnston makes his bow at the Klackner gallery with a collection of some fifty pictures of his own, the work of several years. He leaves a good impression. Now that his color is seen in bulk, as it were, it is seen to be crude, and his paintings of nude models, as well as of delicate marine effects, show that he has not mastered the intricacies of tone. He is throughout inclined to a quality more vigorous than artistic. But there remains in his crude color an undeniable charm. He is at least fresh and strong. He is not afraid of a bold effect, as in his Spanish oil studies. And he is refreshingly pictorial. The Spanish paintings referred to are all very well composed. No. 25, "El Mamadour," and No. 24, "Gipsy of Berja," are not more attractive in their straightforward coloring than in their piquant design. In one oil painting, the best in the entire collection, Mr. Johnston has combined with good design a more transparent and restful quality of tone than he elsewhere manages to obtain. This is No. 21, "Girl with Wheels of Cider Press." The attitude is chosen with great tact. The touch of allegorical suggestiveness is wrought into the thing skilfully. And the tone, we repeat, is better than any which Mr. Johnston is in the habit of producing. When he makes a picture like No. 43, "Study of Bather with Sunburnt Back," and tries to get the softness of flesh tints, he goes to pieces utterly, and his ambitious "Study of Woman in Coat of Mail" is a pure fiasco. You would never know from the latter picture that Mr. Johnston could draw as well as he draws in Nos. 12, 13 and 14, fragments of pictures of peasant types. His water colors are all interesting, in color and in design. There is a streak of fancy running through his art.

Mr. G. S. Truesdell is an animal painter who has achieved some reputation in Washington, where the Corcoran Gallery contains one of his works. He is also known in Paris, where he has frequently exhibited in the Salon. Some pictures by him are now on exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery. They provoke no very flattering comment. Mr. Truesdell composes intelligently enough, and he has one faculty which is always welcome in an animal painter. He can generalize the contours in a moving flock of sheep with just that degree of breadth and just the amount of analysis that make the result accurate yet freely artistic. No. 10, "Coming Through the Forest," is possibly the best specimen of his ability in this direction. He is also a capable draughtsman, as witness the figure and animals in No. 6, "Girl with Kids," or the outlines in No. 18, "Head of Girl." We have mentioned, however, all of Mr. Truesdell's virtues and have named nearly all the pictures in his collection that have any serious significance. One or two others are the carefully done, but not at all distinguished, cattle piece, No. 1, "Les Vaches au Bord de la Rivière," and the big canvas called "The Shepherd's Lunch." The brushwork is in every painting the commonplace, flat-brush execution of the Salon. The color is always opaque and though harmonious enough is never marked by quality or originality. Taken altogether the exhibition introduces a man whom it is worth while to know, but who offers no new or lasting sensations. He is accomplished and makes fair pictures which do not, however, awaken much sympathy.

Mr. Lafarge's fascinating lectures on art, which were enjoyed by every one who could attend at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, or who read them in the published reports, are being given again, at the Hotel Waldorf. The first in the series was delivered last night, and the others are to follow on early dates, which may be learned on application at Brentano's, Union Square. We are glad to call attention to these lectures for it is only once in a long time that the amateur has the opportunity to listen to such a fine and instructive discourse as Mr. Lafarge prepares.

The Boston Art Club sends us a circular for its fiftieth exhibition. It will open Friday evening, April 6, and will close on the evening of Saturday, April 28. Contributions will be received at the club-house, corner of Dartmouth and Newbury sts., from Wednesday, March 21, until Wednesday, March 28. From St. Louis we have received the announcement of the eleventh annual exhibition of the "Exposition and Music Hall Association." The exhibition is to last from September 5 to October 20. Communications in reference to proposed exhibits must be addressed to Charles W. Rhodes, Thirteenth and Oliver sts., St. Louis. Paintings will be called for in New-York between August 6 and 18.

In a recent issue of "The London Globe" there occurs a paragraph which is interesting as evidence that the decadent art which has been so popular in London is appraised at its full value by at least one critic. "There is to-day," says "The Globe," "a curious inclination toward a certain kind of morbid suggestion in all branches of art. In literature, in the drama, and in painting, subjects are selected which have no other motive than the representation of unwholesomeness. The worship of health, through the medium of perfect development, and of exact balance of mind and body, which gave to the Greeks their unerring sense of beauty, and which made the principle of their art a standard for the workers of all countries and all times, has given way now to a strange regard for physical and mental disorganization. A Venus with a hump-back and a club-foot is coming quite within the range of the practical art of our times, and would, more's the pity, be enthusiastically accepted by quite a crowd of so-called art lovers, who would find a certain piquancy in what is unnatural. To all who regard the exposition of beauty in its most perfect form as the only legitimate mission of the artist, this curious craving of over-educated taste is a matter for sincere regret."

THE DANGERS OF PERIQUE TOBACCO.

From The Lewiston Journal.

The tobacco merchant was showing us a "yard" of perique tobacco grown in that famous county in the South, and the conversation had drifted in that direction. "No man can smoke perique straight," said he, "and those who know it best use about one-eighth perique and the rest other tobacco. I well remember the first that I ever smoked. My friends put up the trick on me, and when I came to myself I had the pipe with me, but I didn't know where I had been. Later, I had four pounds of it sent me from New-Orleans as heavy as roped molasses. I filled a pipe with it and covered it with dry ashes and laid it away for a friend of mine who never bought a pipeful of tobacco in his life and who always was smoking in my store. He came in, and how his eyes glistened at sight of the full pipe! He lit it and sat down. In five minutes it fell from his hands, his head went back and he had passed away. He slept over two hours and I got afraid. We couldn't awake him and it was fully four hours before he came to himself. He never smoked my pipe again."